

pose of reading the church notices for next day. I read the notices of more than seventy Presbyterian Churches, and all the churches did not have notices. That does very well for a city of three hundred thousand people.

I did not wait until Sunday morning, this time, to find the churches at which I would worship. I soon made out my program. I planned to attend St. George's Free Church in the morning and hear Dr. John Kelman, St. Giles' Established Church at three in the afternoon and hear Dr. McGregor, and Charlotte Baptist Chapel in the evening, and hear Rev. Joseph Kemp. When my program was complete, I sallied forth to locate my church, so that I might not have the least hitch on Sunday to mar the day. I soon located St. George's Free Church, yet I was not right sure, for there was no sign of any kind on it to tell the stranger what kind of a church it is, or at what hours they hold the service. I wonder why? It may be because they always have more people than they can seat without advertising in anyway. They have always had good preachers. But I would like to suggest that they put up a sign of some kind to tell the stranger who they are, and what they are doing. I would like to make the same suggestion to all our own churches in America, no matter how large or how small.

I located the Baptist Chapel about a half-dozen blocks away from St. George's. It is a very modest building on a rather obscure street, but there is no trouble for the stranger to learn its name, or what is going on. There are good big red letter advertisements which are replaced from week to week.

I went back to my hotel on Princes street and waited for Sunday to come. Edinburgh never saw a more beautiful Sunday morning. It was a little after eight when I came down from my room and walked out on Princes street, which is Edinburgh's great thoroughfare. I have never seen a city so quiet. Indeed, I did not imagine that a city of three hundred thousand people could ever become so still. The streets were deserted. There was not a car, nor the sound of a car on all the horizon. All places of business were tightly closed, and the screens were down. Even the restaurants were closed. The truth of the matter is, that Edinburgh begins on Saturday afternoon to prepare for the Sabbath. Stores and offices close early on Saturday afternoon. It is just the opposite in many places in America. The stores are kept open very much later on Saturday than on other days, and the clerks and delivery men are driven until nearly midnight delivering the goods bought by late purchasers. I am sure that this is all wrong. I am sometimes asked to preach a good, old-time sermon on Sabbath observance, and I feel that there is need for it, but I feel that there is greater need for a sermon on the proper observance of Saturday night. We could learn something along this line from Edinburgh. As a proof that it is thoroughly practical, I may say that the largest department store in Atlanta closes at one o'clock on Saturdays, in spite of the fact that all of its competitors keep wide open. Nor does that store fill the Sunday papers with advertisements. The explanation is that back of it are out and out Christian men.

At ten o'clock the cars began to run, and almost suddenly there were signs of life everywhere. Great crowds thronged the streets. No wonder the young woman from America in Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Penelope's Progress in Scotland" wanted to know if there was a murder or a fire. As a matter of fact, the people were simply going to church. At the evening hour of church the crowds were even greater.

My friends and I were not in any great hurry about starting to church. We planned to get there about five minutes before service, which we did. It was by the skin of our teeth that we got a seat. The church was crowded, galleries and all, and the people were still coming. St. George's Free Church has always been a popular church, but I had no idea that it would be that popular in the middle of August. We were shown up to the "Amen Corner," and there I saw what I never saw before—a woman usher. She was no longer a young woman, and was not in the least self-conscious, and did her work well. I was seated by a woman with a cultured and spiritual face. She was very kind about handing me a Bible and finding the place in the hymn book for me. After service I thanked her for this, and found that she was the minister's wife. She was very cordial and very gracious. I have heard it said that a committee of laymen ought to be appointed to choose wives for our young ministers. There was never a grosser slander. I could prove this by hundreds of living witnesses who can be found in our manses.

Dr. John Kelman, the pastor, was in the pulpit. He was just back from Northfield, where he had been speaking for ten days. His sermon was one of a series on Naaman, and was a most excellent and helpful sermon. It was deeply spiritual, and there was a freshness about it that held one's attention. During the vacation that followed my first year in the Seminary, an old Methodist minister whom I had never seen before, and whom I have never seen since, laid his hand upon my shoulder and said: "There are two secrets of success in the ministry—keep close to God and keep fresh." Those words are worth pondering. I believe that Dr. John Kelman does both, and I believe that accounts for the great success of his ministry.

There were several things that especially struck me about this service; things that I liked, and I am going to jot them down here:

1. All the people had Bibles. There are Bibles in these Scotch churches for everybody, and the usher or somebody will see that you get a Bible. When the minister turns to the lesson the people turn to it, too, and when he reads they follow him. When he announces his text they turn to it, and read it and then lay the open Bible on the back in front of them, where they can refer to it during the sermon. As a result, these Scotch people know more about the Bible than any other people in the world. As another result, the preachers are encouraged to do a great deal of expository preaching, which is the best kind of preaching in the world, when it is well done.

2. All the people sang. There was no choir up in the organ loft. There were perhaps a dozen of the best singers of the congregation down in front of the pulpit to lead the people. There were no solos, or